

# Funeral in My Heart

[Gill Landry](#)

There's a funeral in my heart  
and everyone is dressed in black  
with Chrysanthemums and voodoo dolls  
trying to bring you backAs the lonesome hearse rolls slowly  
to the graveyard of my mind  
Other than that I'm feeling fineYonder stands old romance tombside  
talking to himself  
With a family of memories  
that are holding to your wealth  
Regretters by your coffin  
Can't do anything but cry  
And mumble 'bout the by and byOh the bloodless face of used to be  
Is looking cold and grim  
As the pallbearers and my true love  
sing a solemn hymn  
There's a funeral in my heart  
but the respects I wish to pay  
cannot be heard beyond  
the cold ground of your graveSo I throw the dirt over  
once I cover you in life  
Why do all the good things have to die  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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